A Little Freckled Person

Mary Carolyn Davies

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To Jean
with love
from
Aunt Edith

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A Little Freckled Person

A Book
of Child Verse

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A LITTLE FRECKLED PERSON WHO HAS NEVER MUCH TO SAY

A Little Freckled Person

A Book of Child Verse

BY

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD CUE

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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A Little Freckled Person

They think I 'm just a little girl
  At study, work, or play, —
A little freckled person who
  Has never much to say.

They do not know a princess oft
  In golden gown am I,
With cheeks like apple petals soft
  And eyes like sea or sky.

They only see my tumbled braids,
  They do not know I wear
A crown with turquoises and beryls
  Upon my coiled-up hair.

They do not know adventures dire
  Beset me, land and sea,
That page and courtier, knight and squire,
  Before me bend the knee.

That haughty ships with silken sails
  Upon my bidding go —
All these, and other happy things,
  They cannot, cannot know.

They only see a little girl
  At study, work, or play, —
A little freckled person, who
  Has never much to say!

The Selfish Sea

The sea is very, very wide:
It takes up all the room outside;
And when I stand beside the sea,
It comes right up and pushes me!

The Rabbit

A rabbit works its ears, and tries
To watch you with its rabbit eyes;
Its saucy little tail it flounces,
And when it hits the ground it bounces!

A RABBIT WORKS ITS EARS, AND TRIES
TO WATCH YOU WITH ITS RABBIT EYES

The Uncritical Kitten

If I am selfish when I play
My kitten likes me anyway!

Next-Door People

The next-door people have a bird,
The yellowest you ever heard!
It hops, and chirps, and sings — and
sings!
Are n't next-door people pleasant things!

Probation

Mother says:
If you 're thoughtful and polite;
Go to bed at eight each night;
Always hasten to do chores
And give up chairs for visitors,
Weed the garden, carry wood,
And be very still and good—

Mother says:
If you 're faithful in your task;
Never beg, but only ask;
Fold your napkin, say your prayers;
Put no gum upon the chairs;
Keep your bureau drawer quite neat;
Never walk through pools, but on
The sidewalk till the mud is gone;
And say "Thank you" often, and
Sit erect and walk and stand;

And wash well behind your ears;
Always wait until it clears
To wear your best clothes, and not fail
To hang your coat upon its nail —
You will find the people where
You live, like to have you there!

. . .

Our house has a pleasant yard.
I am trying very hard!

WEED THE GARDEN, CARRY WOOD

Perhaps!

You never know, in this great world, what
wonders there may be —
Perhaps there 's buried treasure out
beneath our cherry tree!

'Fraid Stars

The stars are like us children here,
  Not any older grown:
At night, the little 'fraid stars stay
Together in the Milky Way —
  The brave ones stand alone!

The Stars

The stars are lighted candles
  Upon a Christmas tree;
(The branches, that they hang upon
  We cannot ever see:)
On Christmas Eve the angels stand
  About it after tea.

And if an angel's very good
He gets a present, as he should.

As You Would Be Done By

Of course I believe in fairies!
Of course I know they 're true!
— Just think, if you were a fairy,
And no one believed in you!

Drawing

Upon my slate I draw
Strange things I never saw,
Nor you, nor any one!
But oh, it is such fun!

The Fishing-Pole

A fishing-pole 's a curious thing:
It 's made of just a stick and string:
A boy at one end and a wish;
And on the other end a fish!

Sympathy

Little fishing-boat, a blur
  On the ocean blue,
Don't you ever wish you were
  A little taller, too?

I 've a birthday! Look at me
  As you dart and dip!
Grow, and maybe soon you 'll be
  A white-sailed ship!

The Forest School

The little firs demurely stand
In studious rows, on either hand,
On winter days about like these,
All learning to be Christmas trees.

White Cherry

The moon 's a white cherry,
For sale in the sky,
And each one admires it,
But no one will buy.

Oh, cherry that lies
On the shop-window shelf,
When I have a penny
I 'll buy you myself!

The Independent Kite

A kite is very nice to own;
It never, never grieves you,
'Cept when it wants to play alone
And just goes off and leaves you!

Practicing

The black notes are the bridegrooms,
The white notes are the brides!
And I? Why, I 'm the minister and all
the guests besides!

Fairyland Secret Service

A snowflake is a letter
A fairy in the sky
Is sending to the fairies here,
And, when they 've read its message clear,
Lest any one should spy,
They purse their little lips and blow
To melt that tell-tale note of snow.
Oh, let us see if we can snatch
And read a Fairyland dispatch!

A Book

A book 's a magic sort of thing
That makes you sailor, chief, or king;
When I am old, and own a shelf,
I think I 'll have a book myself!

The Lonesome Sea

The sea is so lonely
Now winter is here,
I wish we could only
Go down to the pier,
And say to him kindly, "Don't think, Mr.
Sea,
We've forgotten you quite, for we have n't,
not we!

"Last summer we scurried
All sudden, I know,
From the beach. Don't be worried!
We hated to go!"
I should like to go clear to the end of the
pier,
For he's lonesome; and tell him, "We're
coming next year!"

The Mountains

The mountains do not stir, or show
Emotion when Spring comes, I know;
But though they are restrained by pride,
I think that they are glad inside!

When Dolly is Afraid

When lights are standing in the street;
And on the sidewalk all the feet
Are quiet, and it's growing late,
And our brown clock is striking eight:

I pack the animals and ark,
And push them deep into the dark;
And in a quiet row I lay
My cups and saucers 'til the day.

But who could ever say Good-night
And leave her doll in such a plight?
I could n't let her stay without
A friend, and hear the dark about!

So she and I go straight upstairs;
She shuts her eyes while we say prayers,
And then we lie and count up sheep
Until we both are fast asleep.

It 's not because I dread, at all,
The darkness, that I keep my doll,
But just because I think that she
Would be *so* frightened without *me !*

Tree-Children

The little trees that to the breeze
Make quaint and timorous courtesies:
I like to come and play with these.

Each grown-up pine that stands in line
Is but a stranger great and fine —
The *little* trees are friends of mine!

The Cockatoo

Green and yellow cockatoo,
Won't you let me talk to you?
Or if you would kinder be
Won't you come and talk to me?

Tell me all about the places
Where the children have black faces,
Armlets, anklets, copper rings!
Where the cannibals are kings!

Has a hungry crocodile
Ever met you with a smile?
Have you taken many a trip
In a rakish pirate ship?

Cockatoo, cockatoo,
How I 'd like to talk to you!
But as you can guess, I 'd be
Gladder if you 'd talk to me!

High Cost of Living

Among the angels — it's a shame
To tell it — prices are so dear,
They use the blown-out candle-flame
To mend the ragged stars, this year!

Need

I like the kitten of my friends,
  I like its claws caught in my lace,
I like the way each small ear ends,
  I like the black upon its face.
I feel its heart beat in my hand,
And then I somehow understand
So many things I did n't know:
I 'm kinder, and my voice is low;
And I close doors more softly, too,
And do the things I 'm told to do,
Instead of wishing they were done.
— But mother says we may n't have one.

I want a kitten all my own
To play with when I 'm left alone,
And when the family 's gone away
To shop, and work, and call, and play
Tennis and other things. It 's all
So queer and lonely in the hall

And in the parlor, too, and in
The sitting-room, where words have been
But are not now. The chairs and I
Wait through the hours, till by-and-by,
Our only playmates little fears —
There's room in all our lives, I think,
For one small kitten, black as ink
With two white spots behind its ears.

I LIKE THE KITTEN OF MY FRIENDS

Sky-Color

Blue skies are very apt to fade;
  Dark colors wear the best, it's true —
But who would choose a useful shade?
  I want mine blue!

Left Out

If shoemakers' children are left with feet bare
I've wondered and wondered (I don't think it's fair)
If maybe at Christmas there aren't any toys
Left over for Santa Claus' own girls and boys!

The White Birch

A white birch grows
In the deepest wood.
If you are good
And the stars are right
— Who knows? —
You may see, some night,
The nymphs stand under
The sea-green heave
Of its boughs, in a row.
— But if you wonder,
They will fade and go.
— You must just believe!

The Playmate

Last year I played with the country,
  This year, with the sea,
Now the queer old city
  Stops and plays with me. —

Stops in its counting of pennies
  (It never, never fails
To know the time I 'm going to bed) —
  And tells me fairy tales.

Thanksgiving

The turkey is a mournful bird
From all that I have ever heard;
If he could live this day to see
How very thankful he would be!

The Nest

That tree has a nest,
And if I lie
Quite still, and if I
Have luck, I may see
Two heads or three
Stretched out. Hark! hark!
Wings sound! And a dark
Shadow comes flying
Through boughs. They are trying
To reach the food that the large bird brings.
Unfinished wings
Are such curious things!
They are almost old enough to fly,
  The three. If they knew
  As I do, and you,
That nests are cozier than the sky!

UNFINISHED WINGS ARE SUCH CURIOUS THINGS

The Orange

The sky is a greedy child
  Who holds one
Yellow orange in her hand:
  It is the sun.

She holds it primly:
  Then, hid from sight,
All in the darkness,
  Eats it at night.

I Almost Got to Fairyland One Day —

I almost got to Fairyland, one day —
I walked out straight along the sun-path, so.
And there were little hummings in the world,
And moving things went through the grass, and all
The air was just as glad as if there were
A party, somewhere, at a fairy's house.
I knew they had a party, and I knew
That they had kept a seat for me, if I
Could only find the right turn in the road.
I was so near to Fairyland, so near
That I could almost hear the fairy gates
Swing open for me, waiting — just for me.
I was so near to Fairyland — and then,
Just then, I heard my mother calling me;

"Come in to supper, dear," I heard her
call;
And so I never got to Fairyland.

I know that there are fairies, though, be-
cause
I almost got to Fairyland one day.

Untrained Trains

A train should never jump the track;
Such rude behavior shows a lack
Of poise — it 's really a disgrace!
A train should know its proper place!

Handicapped

I run as fast as I can go
When trains run past our place;
They 're bigger far than I, and so
They always win the race!

A Sunset

Life seems so sweet! I don't know why, —
Perhaps 't is just because the sky
Put on, to-night, to make me glad,
A dress I did n't know she had.

To Ships

Tall ships, tall ships, sailing out to sea,
Have you in your dreaming hearts any
room for me,
For a little singing maid who would sail
with you
Out to where the ocean miles are blue,
blue, blue?

Tall ships, tall ships, loosening from shore,
Steering all by star-craft, and sailing ever-
more,
Take a little wishful maid with you as
you go!
I would feel the ocean tempests blow,
blow, blow!

Tall ships, tall ships, see, I stretch my
hands!

Pray you, take me with you to far and
foreign lands!
Ships, an eager little maid prays that she
may be
Sailing, as you sail, forever free, free, free!

Sea-Butterflies

The sea is like a garden green,
The spray like daisies white;
And one full rose alone is seen,
The great red sun at night.

A-fluttering in their loveliness
The ships against the skies
Are just — as any one can guess —
The garden's butterflies!

Buds

The buds have come to town;
Demure and brown
Their coats; and under, see,
How can such fragile, fairy colors be?

The buds have come to us
All tremulous.
We 're quite as glad as they.
Take off your cloaks, dear little buds,
and stay!

The Flower Cart

The flower cart 's coming down the street,
With tulips red and tulips sweet;
And from the wagon color spills
Of hyacinths and daffodils.
And purple rhododendrons grow
Beside the roses in a row.

Oh, let us hasten down to spend,
Before the flower cart rounds the bend!
Oh, let us bring our pennies and
Hold all of Spring within our hand.

Eavesdroppers

The stars lean down and listen,
  At fairy-story time;
They twinkle and they glisten
  To hear each happy rhyme;
To all our cheerful singing
  The little stars beat time.

The stars lean down and hear us,
  They know it's not polite,
But then, they cease to fear us,
  About this time of night.
They creep and edge up near us,
  Although it is n't right.

Eavesdroppers! But we love them,
  We leave a little space,
And never crowd or shove them,
  Because, in any case,
That stretch of blue above them
  Is such a lonely place!

Singing Secrets

Bird up in the pine-tree-top,
  Tossing down to me
Broken songs, to where I sit
  Underneath the tree, —

Bird up in the pine-tree-top,
  What is it you hear
That you try to say again
  In your singing clear?

What is it you see up there
  In the green and blue?
Does the world look very strange, —
  Strange and fair to you?

Do you see some happy thing
  That you try to show
In the eager chirps you toss
  Gayly down below?

You are singing secrets, bird,
I am very sure.
I can understand no word,
But, oh, try once more!

Bird up in the pine-tree-top,
Sing again to me!
Maybe I can hear it now!
Maybe I can see!

The Day Before April

No, little brown bird, go away,
I have no time to dream to-day,
I must do certain things, you see.
I know not why, but it must be!
Here I must study foolish books,
And not guess how the lilac looks!

Hush, little bird, and do not sing!
I have no time to play with Spring!

The Corn

The corn 's like soldiers in a row.
We 'll stop and cheer them. Let 's!
The tassels are their waving flags;
The leaves their bayonets.

They march to meet King Frost, their foe,
The fight will soon begin.
King Frost will conquer them, I know —
But oh, if they *could* win!

If a Star —

If a star were to say
"I will stay
And watch Dawn bring the day," —
If a star were so bold
Would the Moon-Mother old
Let it stay in the sky?
— Try, star, try!

Dryad

Dryad, hidden in this tree!
Break your bonds and talk to me!

No one 's watching, only peep
From your cave! The town 's asleep!

No one knows I stand here, so
Come! for they will never know!

Tell me what you think of here
When the moon is sharp and clear,

When the clouds are over you,
When the ground is wet with dew.

Dryad, are you happy, say!
Do you like to live this way?

I will keep your secrets well,
I will never, never tell!

Dryad, hidden in our tree,
Come, oh, come and talk to me!

The Duel

Once a blotter met a blot
In a still, secluded spot.
Here 's the blotter, brave to see;
But the blot — Oh, where is he?

The Littlest Cloud

O littlest cloud in all the blue,
Don't go so fast, for, see,
I 'm just about the size of you!
Come down and play with me!

But oh, if that 's the only way —
To come in raindrops, why,
I 'll stay here by myself and play!
I would n't have you cry!

Princes

Cinderella sitting in her dingy chimney
corner,
Delving in the ashes, with the smoke
upon her eyes,
With pots and kettles waiting, all her
kinfolk by to scorn her,
Longed perhaps to meet a prince,
handsome, young, and wise.

Maybe Sleeping Beauty on her couch
within the castle,
While her golden hair crept down to
touch her silent feet,
Dreamed about a rider with a scarlet cap
and tassel
Who would hack away the hedge and
cry, "Awaken, sweet!"

WHILE I 'M WASHING DISHES, OR SCRAPING OUT THE SKILLET

While I 'm washing dishes, or scraping
out the skillet,
Or when I am sprinkling, or folding
up the clothes,
Sometimes I too dream; it seems fool-
ish-like to tell it . . .
But their princes came at last
and . . . ah, who knows?

Our Share

Babies of Alaska, babies of Japan,
Babies born to beads, or silk, or fez, or
fur, or fan,
None of all the babies that are toddling
anywhere
Is half so sweet a baby as the baby
that's our share!

If I were Santa's Little Boy

If I were Santa's little boy
(If there 's a family
Of Santa Clauses in the sky
Or where their home may be),
If I were Santa's oldest son
(I only hope that he *has* one!)
And my papa should say to me,
"What Christmas present, son, would be
The very thing you 'd like to see
Within your stocking Christmas Day?"
I would n't stop to think, (would you?)
But say,
"I want to drive the sleigh!"

And then when Christmas Week had
come,
At nearly dawn on Christmas Day,
I 'd load the sleigh with doll and drum;
And find where the reindeer were tied,

And hitch them quickly up, and I'd
Shout very loudly, "Clear the way!"

And crack the whip and drive the sleigh
Down from the Pole and past the clang
Of loud icicles in a row,
Blown by the wind, to where the gang
Lives, in our street, and then I'd shout,
While frightened heads of boys stuck out
From opened windows, in surprise,
With tousled hair and sleepy eyes,
I'd shout out loudly so that they
Could hear each single word I'd say,

"Hey, Dasher, Dancer!
Faster, Prancer!
Run as hard now as you can, sir!
Stop your balking
When I'm talking!
We must fill each Christmas stocking
In a hundred million places!
Dasher, Dancer, mind your paces!
Don't you dare to break the traces!"

Then I 'd shake the reins and shout
To milkmen that might be about,
"Clear the way
For Santa's sleigh,
Because I 'm driving it to-day!"

The Party Dress

All year long the timid maple has been
dressed in prim and sober
Little plain utilitarian gowns of quiet
tints of green;
But Spring is gone, and Summer 's past,
and now that it 's October
The modest little maple tree is cos-
tumed like a queen.
Just look now, through our window, and
I 'm sure that you 'll agree
That her party dress is pretty as a party
dress can be!

The Clock That Autumn Winds

School is like a clock that stops
  In vacation time.
— Tick, tock; tick, tock—
  A sing-song rhyme.
Every school day is a minute.
This clock has long minutes in it!

In vacation time it stops!
  Not a sound at all!—
Not a tick, not a tock!
  —Hanging on the wall
Waits the clock until Fall finds it,
Stands upon a chair and winds it!

Conversation

In proper sentences of purr
And monosyllables of mews
When I have told my news to her,
My kitten tells me kitten news.

The Homesick Star

The candle stood beside my bed
And dropped a little tear;
I sat up, shivering, and said,
"I know you 're lonesome here;

"You 'd rather have the sky than me;
You 've been too kind by far
To say so. Now I 've guessed, you see,
That you 're a homesick star!

"I 'll send you home again, for I
Was homesick once, and know;
And when you 're safely in the sky
And I am here below,

"Then don't forget me, candle, please,
But twinkle very plain
On dark, dark nights about like these
Above my window pane."

Then, (though I am afraid at night
That thieves might be about,)
I screwed my eyes up very tight
And blew the candle out!

The Lonesomest Fairy

There 's a dewdrop shining bright
  On the grass by the sun undried,
It 's a tear that fell in the night
  When the lonesomest fairy cried.

The Present

The sky is like a Christmas tree,
The burning stars its candles be;
The moon's a bulky gift and odd,
Marked, "To the World, With Love,
From God."

Forget it soon? It's 'cause I know
That I 'll forget, I 'm crying so!

The Saturdays' Party in Fairyland

All the Saturdays met one day
(Each was very polite, they say),
They shook each other by the hand,
And had a party in Fairyland!

They would n't let any Monday in,
And not one Tuesday at all could win
Her way past the supercilious crowd!
And Wednesdays — why, they were n't
allowed!

Thursdays could only stand in the
street
And look through the door at the things
to eat!
And the Fridays and Sundays pretended
they
Did n't like parties, anyway!

But the Saturdays had the greatest fun!
They played "Hop-scotch" and "Run-sheep-run,"
And "Frog-in-the-meadow," and "Pull-away!"
And everything else they wanted to play!

They used the Throne for "Musical Chairs"
As if the Fairy Queen's house were theirs!
In rooms enchanted they ran and hid,
And whatever they wished they could do, they did!

And after they'd played and played and played,
They had pink straws in their lemonade!
And the cookies and tarts were like a dream!
And all the Saturdays had ice-cream!

. . .

I 'd my doubts when I heard — And you
have yours —
But strange things happen on Foreign
Shores!
And they say that the best fête ever
planned
Was the Saturdays' party in Fairyland!

The Sorrows of a Seamstress

I 'm learning to sew; I 'm basting
And hemming, and all that.
But I wish that the eye were bigger
Or the thread not quite so fat!

My Mother's Garden is the Sea —

My mother's garden is the sea
  If it is viewed aright.
The sweet alyssum borders are
  The ocean's breakers white;

The butterflies and humming-birds
  Are sea-gulls flying o'er;
And in our gravel garden path
  I pace a foreign shore!

The Gymnastic Clock

The little clock is friends with me,
It talks as plain as plain can be,
And says, each morning as it rises,
"Now, don't forget your exercises!
Both hands above your head, you know!
Then lower them very slowly, so;
Ho, don't get tired and stop, that way!
I exercise like this, all day!"
Right in its face then, I say, "Pooh!
I would n't boast of it, like you,
But I can swing my arms 'round, too!"
And so the clock then looks at me,
And I look back, and I and he
Each single morning, when we rise,
Just exercise and exercise!

Snowflakes

The fairies called snowflakes all dressed
up in white,
They went to the dance, and were dancing
all night.

And now they lie tired, where sleep
chanced to o'ertake them.
Step lightly, speak softly, take care not to
wake them!

Pirate Song

A pirate, a pirate!
I 'd like to be a pirate!
A black-bearded pirate, with a pistol at my side!
With a crew to take my orders
And scour the ocean's borders,
I 'd tramp along the quarterdeck, my ship upon the tide!

A pirate, a pirate!
I want to be a pirate
A-sailing off to Tartary, to India, and Spain!
I 'd show them I was master,
As we scudded fast and faster,
We pirates bold, a-search for gold, across the Spanish Main!

A pirate, a pirate!
I 'd like to be a pirate,

A scarlet scarf about my neck, a cutlass
at my wrist!
With my boots of shining leather
Creaking when they rubbed together,
And a foeman lank, to walk the plank,
whenever I 'd insist!

A pirate, a pirate!
I want to be a pirate!
To sail the seas for treasure, and to keep
it in our hold!
To fear no foe nor nation —
What a splendid occupation
To be a doughty pirate in the daring days
of old!

A pirate, a pirate!
But if I were a pirate,
I could n't have a pair of skates, a foot-
ball, or a sled!
So, when I think it over,
Though I 'd *like* to be a rover,
I 'd rather live in our house, and be my-
self, instead!

I'D LIKE TO BE A PIRATE
A SCARLET SCARF ABOUT MY NECK, A CUTLASS AT MY WRIST

Our Playhouse is so Near to Fairyland —

Our playhouse is so near to Fairyland
I think the fairies come and peep, to see
How children play.

So sometimes when there 's something in
the grass
That sounds like fairies' footsteps very
faint
Not far away,

We sit quite still, all on the playhouse wall;
But though we wait and wait for them to
speak
They never do.

Our playhouse is so near to Fairyland
They 'll come some day, and start to play
with us,
I think, don't you?

New Leaves

It does n't do you any good to hide,
Trees! Everybody knows you 're there
inside!
Besides, although you think you 're hid
complete
— We see your feet!

Beach Birds

Beach birds, beach birds, flying in to me,
From the wide, blue palaces of your
home, the sea,
What have you to tell about, islands
green and fair?
Stories of the ships that tramp the trail
to Everywhere?

Have you seen a sailor lad dreaming at
the wheel?
Have you seen the great sharks flash,
white beneath a keel?
Have you seen the savages dancing in a
ring?
Have you, on a desert isle, ever seen a
king?

Beach birds, beach birds, flying in to me,
In some far, blue palace-hall of your
home, the sea,

Will you tell the listening birds how, in
a curious land,
Once — you saw a little maid, playing in
the sand?

The Sky's Song

The sky stands up to sing before us;
Each star 's a word, the moon 's the
chorus!

A Spring Thought

The new birds tweet, and buds come
sweet,
And puffy clouds are in the sky.
The world is full of little girls,
But very few as nice as I!

The Zoo

We were walking in the zoo,
And all the animals looked at us;
The bear and the hippopotamus,
And quite a few
Lions and wolves and a yak and a gnu.
And we were glad some one had made
Cages around them, so that we
Could walk there and not be afraid:
But could just pretend that they were free;
And could eat us both — if they wanted to.

Six in June

The leaves are born; the organ man
  Has got a new, quick tune.
It 's rained. The kitten 's gone to
    sleep: —
  And I 'll be six in June!

Cloud Magic

Beneath the comfortable sky
All afternoon I love to lie,
And think about the books I 've read
And all the things I dream in bed,
When I am not quite sleeping yet —
The things that day makes me forget.

The white clouds looked like ships one
day,
And then like lambkins strayed away;
And, as I look, I understand
Just where it is that 's Fairyland.

It 's only lying down, you know,
The clouds make pictures for me, so
When I stand up to see them, why,
There 's nothing there but clouds and sky!

Ambition

A lonely little desert isle
  That was not comforted
By all the oceans mile on mile
  Sighed wistfully and said,
"It 's hard sometimes to be content.
I wish I were a continent!"

Tree Birthdays

Look! Look at me!
To-day 's my birthday, Tree!
See, let me stand up, so,
Beside you. How you grow!
I 'm tall, but oh,
I 'll never be as tall as you, I know!
Tree, when 's your birthday, please? Why
don't you speak?
I seem so small,
And you 're so tall,
Perhaps you have a birthday every week!

In Autumn

I 'm sorry, Trees,
Your leaves have gone, and left you. But
don't cry;
Don't shiver so. You 're luckier than I!
When Summer 's gone, and Fall 's here
stern and cool,
I have to go to school.

Don't tremble, Trees!
You should n't mind. I wish that I were
you!
You don't have fractions, no, nor maps
to do,
And no one tries to make trees keep a
rule —
I have to go to school!

Star-Caste

A star looked down upon the sea,
And to a lighthouse trim said he,
"I wonder what you are!"
The lighthouse twinkled instantly,
"Why, you 're the aristocracy,
And I 'm a working star!"

A Newsboy

It must be hard to stand and stand . . .
But think of pennies in your hand!

A Playground

All the day, from dawn till dark,
Nations play within this park.

East and West are in that swing,
Feet that crowd, and hands that cling.

Europe leans to catch a ball.
In the shadow of that wall,
Asia sings and hugs a doll.

All the day, from dawn till dark,
Nations play within this park.

Moons

Mountain moons are large and white,
  Mountain moons are round;
—I have seen the moons at night
  Growing from the ground,—
And I like the seaside moons,
  In the sea-blue sky.
But—in town, the moons are all
  So *very* far and high!

The Discovery

It often rains in our town. And, you know,
It always happens when we 've planned to go
On walks or hikes, or somewhere out to play;
It 's curious how it seems arranged that way!

We used to use those rainy days to pout,
And stand there at the window looking out
And wishing things about the weather — oh,
I never knew a wish to change it, though!

But now — the gladdest secret! We don't need
Our dad to tell us stories. We can read!

We 've found that Fairyland is everywhere —
You open up a book and, why, you 're there!

Gardening is Heaps of Fun!

Gardening is heaps of fun!
We are partners with the sun,
For we help him make things grow,
With our spade and rake and hoe!

First we spade the ground, then rake it;
Ready for the seeds we make it;
Then in furrows carefully
Plant them as they ought to be.

Soon above the ground we spy
Tiny green things push and pry,
Little plants that from their night
Wake and climb to find the light.

They are thirsty, so we give
Water first that they may live;
Then the weeds we vanquish, so
Each wee shoot may thrive and grow.

Busy raindrops, light, and air,
Haste to come, our work to share.
For to them too, every one,
Gardening is heaps of fun!

THEY ARE THIRSTY, SO WE GIVE
WATER FIRST THAT THEY MAY LIVE

Fairy Town

(a lullaby)

In Fairy Town, in Fairy Town,
Where Fairy folk go up and down,
Where Fairy children, wee and gay,
Frisk and romp in Fairy play,
Every day 's a holiday!
And every night is sweeter still,
For when, behind the Fairy hill
The tiny Fairy sun goes down,
It 's sleepy time in Fairy Town!

Sleepy time in Fairy Town!
Sleep, sleep — sleep —
While the stars of Fairy Town
Safe watch keep.
All the Fairy babies, so,
Off to Dreamland softly go —
Sleep — sleep — sleep!

In Fairy Town, in Fairy Town,
Each baby in a moonlight gown,
Lies and dreams the livelong night.
Fairy babies are so white,
White and pink and wee and bright!
Petals of a rose a-curl
Make a Fairy baby girl;
Autumn leaves, all dear and brown,
Make the boys of Fairy Town!

Sleepy time in Fairy Town!
Sleep, sleep — sleep —
While the stars of Fairy Town
Safe watch keep.
Like the Fairy babies, go
Off to Dreamland, softly, so —
Sleep — sleep — sleep!

Straight Hair

I wish my hair would curl!
There is n't any other little girl
With hair as straight as mine!
I try to twine
It round my finger, so;
But oh,
It just won't grow
That way, no matter how I twist and
whirl
And coax it! — If, to-night,
I wish upon a star that it would curl —
Oh, then, to-morrow — do you think it
might?

Bedtime

It's eight o'clock now, kitten, see!
Good-night! Sweet dreams of mice and
me!

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